Through the night husbed and clear;
As angelic hosts brought the tidings of old.
Let now the glad news by thy deep tongues be O joy to the world,

While fires burn clear.

The joy of bestowing transfigures each face, The heart is an altar, a thrice holy place.

for her carriage to come for her.

The Orphanage stood upon the out-

preparations for their own children,

and as Mrs.

But was he the man to help her up-Forget sorrow and fear: The midnight is passed, And the Christmas is here ward to the broader, nobler life for which she yearned, and which she found so hard to reach? Alas, she The morning has dawned,
And the Christmas is here;
Hand clasps brother hand,
Heart to heart draws more near. knew too well that all her higher aspirations would soon wither in his reeping; and yet-it was so sweet to The incense of pines fills the homes of the

be loved, and she was so alone! A wilder gust of wind came rushing In God's house behold now a worshiping down upon her, and almost took her Because long ago
The dear Christ-child was born,
The sunrise to-day
Brings the world Christmas morn. off her feet. She caught a low-hanging branch to steady herself, and at that moment she saw a tiny bareheaded child, hurrying, stumbling, actually The evening shades gather, Still Christmas is here; Draw closer the curtains blowing toward her, a helpless thing in the power of the boisterous blast.

Mrs. Catherwood put out her arms, as, frightened and exhausted, the little one dropped at her very feet. In an in-O joy to the world.

Heaven's raptures appear!

The midnight draws on,
And the Christmas is here.

Louise Burnham, in Youth's Comstant Mrs. Catherwood was kneeling over her. Unfastening her costly furs, he wrapped them around the little shivering form, and tied a handkerchief over the wind-tossed curls.

In all probability that "other" was

even now awaiting her in her own drawing room with all a lover's im-

Harold Whitney had been as Mrs.

Catherwood's shadow for many months, and his attention had pleased

and flattered her until she found that

she could no longer keep him at arms'

The decisive question had been upon her lips the night before, when the en-

trance of another visitor had given

her this short and welcome respite.

But as he tenderly pressed her hand

at parting, he had murmured: "To-

morrow at dusk I will come for my an-

swer, for my priceless Christmas gift."

That the child had straved away and was lost was as evident as that she was perishing with cold, and without an instant's hesitation, Mrs. Catherwood lifted her up and hastened upon

This piercing cold which her warm furs had before kept from her now stung her kneenly, and her arms ached under their unaccustomed burden; but the words: "One of these little ones"-"in My name"—"ye have done it unto Me"-seemed ringing in her ears, and and blustering awakened a new warm throbbing in Christmas eve, her heart.

She hastily gained the town and Catherwood found her way to the nearest chemist's, where the child was soon revived. Then, having sent a description of her half regretted to the police, Mrs. Catherwood carried that she had not | the child away to her home, where she given orders found her impatient suitor awaiting

"At last!" he exclaimed. Then catchskirts of the town, and it was a long ing sight of a furry bundle in her walk from there to her beautiful home; arms, he added: "In the name of common sense, what have you there?" and yet she had lingered after the Mrs. Catherwood's lovely eyes were Christmas tree and the distribution of the gifts, while the other patronesses very bright, and there was an unusual had hurried away to their home flush upon her cheeks.

"My Christmas gift," she said, her

A HELPLESS THING IN THE POWER OF THE BOISTEROUS BLAST.

antil now the wintry daylight was be- low, clear voice vibrating with emo-ginning to grow dim. 'A little child; and if she is not

Mrs. Catherwood shivered and wrapped her furs more closely around her, as she thought of the warmth and light she had left behind her, with the music of happy childish voices.

Mrs. Catherwood was young and beautiful and a widow. She had been an old man's darling, and in return for her faithful affection and companionship, her dying husband had en-riched her with all his wealth.

In the second year of her widowhood she had been persuaded to reenter so-ciety, and now for two seasons she had reigned a queen. She was considered a woman to be envied, and yet today the hollowness of her life had come home to her with overwhelming force, and she felt herself more desolate than even those little waifs whose happiness in their Christmas festival she had just been witnessing.

There was a great void in her life, good night!" and she felt the need of some ennobling purpose, and of a strong sustaining arm to lead her on to better things than the frivolities which friend, fed her wee guest her supper, seemed to hem her in on every side.

her that her life was not at all frivolus, as her numerous charities could testify, her perfect lips would have curled in scorn and she would have made the honest answer: "My charities are fashionable fads; perhaps they may be the means of helping others, but they do not help me."

Mrs. Catherwood had left the high

road now for the quiet footpath across the level stretch of open meadow which lay between the orphanage and which lay between the orphanage and the town. It was a favorite walk of hers, beautiful in spring or early autumn, and a place where her heart seemed to throb in unison with nature; but it was cold and dreary enough to-day. The western sky gleamed coldly upon her, and the child of a young couple strangers in the town, who had lived in the house with her, and had died within a few days of one another the month before. She had taken the child herself then, because, poor little soull there had been no one else to care for her.

"Let me keep hor," said Mrs. Catherwood found an officer with a woman who had come for the missing child. Not one of her own, the word had passed along and travelers in the next car came through to take a peep at the traveling stocking. Scarfs were tied around the stocking and handkerchiefs filled out with no body knew what fastened on. In short, if Santa Claus was not traveling on that train some of his near relatives must have been.—Harper's Young People.

"Let me keep hor," said Mrs. Catherwood, "and I will bring her up as if she were my own."

"Did you make any Christmas promise, Barton?"

"No; I bought what I needed."—

"No; I bought what I needed."—

"No; I bought what I needed."—

claimed-"You will put her in your pet or phanage, of course. "No, I should like-to keep her for my own." Mrs. Catherwood said, softly, with a quick, upward glance.

She saw the wave of annoyance that overspread his face. "Mrs. Catherwood - Estelle! You caunot be serious; a child of common parentage! She will be claimed, of course; but if she should not be-although I love you-I could never coun-

tenance such a thing. You must

choose between the child and me. Her eyes were still fixed upon him, seriously, ponderingly; then she looked down at the child sleeping now upon her breast. "I am afraid she will be claimed," she said, very quietly, "but in any case, Mr. Whitney, I have made my choice. I thank you for

The child soon wakened, and Mrs. Catherwood, receiving ready sympathy and help from her kind old companion and tried to learn her name. But the If anyone had been at hand to tell little one only laughed and stretched unaccustomed hands, gave her a warm refreshing bath before the fire, and had just sung her to sleep and laid her in her own soft bed, when word was brought that some one was waiting be-

low to see her.

Descending with-a new and almost nervous dread, Mrs. estherwood found

in no hurry to reach her home. In heart, Mrs. Catherwood left the sleep truth there was a question upon her ing little one in her companion's care, mind which she must decide clearly and went out, accompanied by her for herself before she could give her answer to another, and for that rea-son she had chosen to take this soli-treasure.

treasure.
She saw no familiar faces among the throng that crowded the stores that night. But dainty Mrs. Catherwood found actual pleasure in mingling for once with this good-natured strug-gling mass of unknown Christmas

It was late before she reached her home, and she was hastily opening her various packages, and beginning to fill the little stocking—the first child's stocking she had ever filled-when her companion summoned her in alarm. The child had been croupy all the evening, she said, and was now rapidly grow-

ing worse.
The labored breathing and little flushed face frightened Mrs. Catherwood, and, late as it was, she sent at for her physician. Almost immediately word was brought back to her that the old doctor had gone away to spend Christmas, and that Dr. Harmon was to fill his place in case of need. But as Dr. Harmon lived quite at the other end of the town, the messenger had returned to know if she wished him summoned that night.

One look at the suffering child and Mrs. Catherwood's sharp struggle with herself was ended with the quick answer: "Yes; ask him to come at once." And now at midnight she was anxlously awaiting the arrival of the man she most dreaded and disliked.

The young physician who stood so high in his profession, was the one who had been too honest and sincere ever to flatter her. He had resolutely kept aloof from her, even though she had once stooped so far as to try to win attention from him.

But she had never forgotten the quiet scorn of the condemnation he and once uttered in her hearing of the frivolous lives of society women and their ill-cor idered charities which so often did more harm than good.

She had chosen to give a personal application to his words, and to ignore nim after that whenever they chanced to meet; but nevertheless his words had rankled in her, and had sown the seeds of discontentat her own unsatisfying life.

At last he was at her side. His quick glance had instantly taken in all the details of the room; the suffering child, the beautiful, anxious woman, the little cast-off garments, the new ones still unfolded on a chair, the tiny halffilled stocking, and scattered toys, and it was not hard for his practised eye to read the sweet and pathetic story that they told.

Together they bent above the little sufferer, and together they worked over her, fighting for her life. It was a sharp hand-to-hand struggle with death that night, but in the gray dawn of Christmas morning their victory was won, the child's labored breathing became easier, and as her pitiful suffering ceased she had fallen into a quiet, refreshing sleep.

"All danger is over now," the doctor said, and "Thank God!" Mrs. Catherwood murmured from her heart. You don't know how I feel," she

went on, brokenly. "She only came to me last night, but it seems as if she had been sent-a Christmas gift-to be my very own." Dr. Harmon took Mrs. Catherwood's

hand in both his own and seemed to forget to let it go. "Let me thank you for the confi-

ence that you have shown in me tonight," he said. "I misunderstood you once, and you have judged me even more harshly than I judged you; but you are a noble woman. It is Christmas morning now," he went on, "and with that large charity you have shown towards this little child, will you not give me the privilege of learning to know you better, and of overcoming your dislike to me-if I can?" And Mrs. Catherwood answered-'Yes."-Judith Spencer, in N. Y. Ob

THE TRAVELING STOCKING. How One Boy Received His Share of

"Say, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on this train?" "Oh! I really don't know," was the

reply. "Well, I suppose not."
"That's what mamma said she s'posed," with a little sigh. "But course he couldn't," with a half laugh. Santa Claus has too much to do Christmas eve to be takin' trips.' "And he doesn't travel by rail," some one suggested.

"Course he doesn't!" with enthusiasm. "He goes kitin' long with his reindeer, scootin' over the roofs and down the chimneys-my! But," with another sigh, "I don't know how he'll find me!"

The porter now came to make up the berths, and mamma led the boy to another seat. The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded toward the curtains which closed outside the boy who had missed a visit from Santa Claus. Upon the button of the drapery hung a small stocking. "A poor place for that sort of thing,

the lady across. "Pernaps not so bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and just as the man, after fumbling in his pocket, dropped a silver dollar in the toe of the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

I'm afraid," said the next behind to

But the gifts did not stop, for the spirit of the season was fully awakened. Small coins were passed along from one hand to another and shaken well down into the toe by the man next behind. A woman with a bag of Christmas gifts for a family of expectant small friends made a selection from them and brought her offering.

"Why, the stocking's full," said the man next behind. "But here—this'll chief, and when she laid her gifts in-side it tied it by the four corners and

pinned it to the stocking.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-The speaker of the house-Most anybody's wife.-Philadelphia Record. -An honest man is the noblest work of God; but many that pass as such are the products of the penal code.—Puck.

—We cannot tell how soon we shall have to leave this earthly sphere. Even the hours of a clock are numbered -Yonkers Gazette.

-"Is Jinks a poet?" "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to have his hair cut."-Atlanta Constitu-

-Cats and several other animals have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eveball, either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong a light. -Over 1,000 yards of linen cloth have been unrolled from one mummy. The cloth in texture resembles the cheesecloth of the present somewhat: it is

finer in quality. -He-"Do you think blondes have more admirers than bruncttes?" She-"I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?"-Life.

--Friend-"If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive." Young Housekeeper-"O. no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high."-N. Y. Weekly. -"My dear," said Mr. Kickles, "you are, to say the least, very hard to please." "O, I don't know about that," she replied. "I married you, you

know."-Washington Star. -"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."-Il Corrière dei

-"Why do you make some of your dumplings small and the others large. Frau Huber?" "Because my husband has been complaining lately of having too little change in his diet."-Unsere Gesselschaft.

-Too High .- Tom De Witt-"You didn't bow to Mr. Wyckoff." Kitty Winslow-"O, 'all flesh is grass,' you know, and I thought that particular piece of grass needed cutting."-Detroit Free Press.

-Hecker-"The porter on our car took quite a fancy to me. In fact, he acted as though he wanted to come and live with me." Decker-"I suppose you mean he evinced a desire to share your quarters."-Smith, Gray & Co.'s

Monthly.
—She—"It is very nice to go to the theater, but you never take me along when you go." He-"Well, I'l take you with me to-night. There is a play on the boards you ought to see."
"What is it?" "The Taming of the Shrew."-Texas Siftings.

-Figg-"But do you really think hat fruit is healthful?" Fogg-"Of course it is. Look at the police officers who have fruit-peddlers' stands on their beats. Aren't they as healthy-looking a set of men as you'll find anywhere?" -Boston Transcript.

-"No," mused Mr. Benedict, as he sat down to do some repairing on his lothes-"no, marriage is not a failure. Vhen I was single it was an awful task o thread a needle. Now I have a wife and she threads it for me."-N. Y. Press. -Exemplary Patience-He (at the rysting-place)-"What a time you have tept me waiting!" She-"Quite the ontrary; it is only six, and I did not ntend to be here before seven." He-Just so; but you have mistaken the day: I have been waiting here since yesterday!"-Humoristische Blatter. -Bound to be Miserable.-"It's a great thing," exclaimed the philan-thropist, "a great thing," "What's a great thing?" asked the man who alvays kicks. "This reduction of the orice of bread." "Yes," was the discontented rejoinder, "that's what I've leard a dozen men say. They don't ealize that it's going to make the bread in a ham sandwich more out of proportion than ever."-Washingtor

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAILS. Needless Expense Imposed by Interna-tional Postal Laws.

A letter, however ill spelled and blotted, from a mother in Galway, is certainly a luxury when delivered in New York; but as a man can have only one mother, no American interest is injured by its arrival. And how many millions of American citizens have relatives in Europe, not only in the Emerald Isle, but in crowded English towns, on bleak Scottish braes, by the 'castled crags" of the Rhine, along the stormy flords of Norway, on snowmantled Russian steppes, high up the sides of Swiss and Hungarian monntains-all of whom welcome a letter from America as Noah welcomed the dove that brought an olive leaf to the Ark. "Thought is free." Nevertheless, correspondence with foreign countries is subject to direct and needless taxation by the United States government. in common with all the governments which have adhered to the postal union. As is well known, the postage on a letter weighing one ounce, sent 3,500 miles from New York to Vancouver, a foreign town, is 2 cents; while the charge for sending a letter of half that weight 3,549 miles to another foreign town, Liverpool, is 5 cents. What is the reason for this difference? It cannot be the cost of conveyance, for railway freightage is higher than sea freightage. It cannot be that the letters sent to Europe prejudice American interests in any way. It cannot be the favorite (though, as will presently be seen, unsound.) argument of a British postmaster general, that the 5 cents have to cover not only the cost of putting one outgoing letter on board ship, but of delivering free a return letter, the postage on which has been received by a foreign government. For the postage to Canada (and I believe to Mexico) is but 2 cents, though letters coming from the Dominion (or Mexico) are equally delivered without charge. The real reason is that the majority of the postal 'union consists of poor,

greedy states, which are not advanced enough to recognize the wisdom of facilitating international correspondence, and have therefore fixed the common union tariff as high as possible. It is intolerable that the voice of a mighty continent should count for so more than that of Servis or Siam. Yet at the last postal union conference the American proposal to establish a com-mon international stamp was rejected chiefly by the votes of insignificant re-actionary states, with small interesta at stake.—J. Henniker Heaton, M. P. in North American Review.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the enthusiastic scientist. "I have discovered one thing in which the Chinese did not anticipate

"Football. I can prove it by the

-In view of the application of the trolley to canal traffic, it is interesting to recall what improvements were at tempted on passenger transportation on American canals before railways seized this part of the business. Seth C. Jones, of Syracuse, built about sixty years ago an improved canal packet, lesigned to run from Syracuse to Buffalo, a distance of ninety-five miles, between breakfast and supper. The boat was drawn by horses, and on her trial trip, with forty or fifty passengers, she made nearly twelve miles an hour. It was asserted that going at this speed she created smaller waves and did less damage to the banks than other boats

going at ordinary canal speed. 45.00 to California

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John Sessian, G. P. A., Chicago.

PEASANT (to chemist) -"Got any codliver oil?" Chemist-"Certainly." Peasant-"Is it fresh?" Chemist-"Come, now, do you suppose we are in the habit of killing a whale every time a country yokel wants to buy two penn orth of codliver oil?"—Meggendorfers Biatter.

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COURTENAY—"When you proposed to Miss Dexter did you get down on your knees?" Barelay—"No. 1 couldn't; she was sitting on them."—Truth.

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got two bottles last September, and De cember 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walk-ed into another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand

all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was Mrs. Henr. very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fa-It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract
of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living
child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with
the other babies. I always had a doctor
and then he could not help me very much,
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were alone with me. My baby was only
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and left my room and stayed up all day."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

flavor and more wholesome.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Northside." said the caller, rising to his feet as the mistress of the house entered the parlor. "Oh. Mr. Birmingham," replied the lady, "why didn't you send up your name? The maid said a gentleman asked to see me, and here it is only you!"—Pittsburgh Chronicie-Telegraph.

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was the philosophical reply I can recommend Piso's Cure for Con-sumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94,

Janiton of Skyflats (gruffly)-"What are you doing in the vestibule at this time of night! Are you one of the tenants!" Tom De Witt. "No, I'm not! So you'd better be civil or I'll break your head."—Life.

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Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Heaven and earth fight in vain against a

Two Menageries recently arrived in Bologna, one of which was under the management of Signor B., and the other under that of his wife, traveling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to join their forces, and the fact was announced on the bills as follows: "Owing to the arrival of my wife, my collection of living animals is considerably augmented.—B."—Conversazione.

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